THE SPECTATOR
HAMILTON COLLEGE

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PIGEON COUP! FLOOR FALLS

—See Story on page 2

Hey! Wait a Minute! "What's that cockroach doing under by my pillow?" says Harphy, Sylvia Atglow, while testing one of the new beds in Middle Dorm. "What an enroachment upon my dignity!"

Toad Tragedy, 'Times' Ignores Sob! Sob! Sob!

—*by* BRUCE HUMPHREY NOISE

"My profession has attracted a lot of attention over the past decade . . . some of it a little on the unfavorable side. I have been called one of the 'Hucksters,' 'The Madison Avenue gang,' 'The Image Makers,' and 'the backbone of Exurbia.' Movies, books, television shows, articles, and plays have been written about us. I wonder if the public, including students here, have been given a fair picture."

With this first paragraph of *How to Run a Circus*, John Ringling Toad explains the problem of all public relations men. Toad's smooth autobiography solves the problem by tracing his own meteoric but tragic rise from hick editor out there in Chataugua, N. Y., to college professor and presidential advisor—all by the use of what he calls "veneersmanship."

The first two chapters are devoted to Toad's early life. How the Girl Scouts were able to increase cookie sales by 200% by sending older sisters out with deliveries. How even the small town Methodists began to drink vodka to help support the starving Smirnoff's.

Then there were the days at Ham Col—liberal arts and all that jazz. They changed Toad, rounded the corners, buttoned the button-down, molded and planed. He unsuccessfully took up poetry, let his hair grow long. Still, Toad had found a marketable product, education, and as the yearbook stated, "Every cloud has a silver lining and Toad is in that lining."

The War intervened; there were those dog-eat-dog, materialistic days down on the Ave., but Toad never forgot his ultimate product, the liberal education. Its amorphous character and artsy loopholes promised a great training ground for more public relations men—men with smoothness, gimmicks, and sufficient finesse to run brainstorming sessions.

Eventually retirement left a gap in a weak, but traditional public speaking department. A year's seniority and he had the Upson Stool of Rhetoric (for milking alumni). Using his hard won veneersmanship to good advantage he convinced trustees, faculty, and a worried president that a "gigantic, super-colossil, three-ring, academic, Sesquicentennial Celebration "would push Ham Col on to greater production and efficiency."

Plagarizing the Seattle World's Fair rather than Amherst, Toad secured funds to glorify the chapel tower. "Hamilton College must provide a visible symbol for the valley," he explained. But plans to erect a 100,000 capacity stadium faltered when Big Hearted Mox decided that the structure would not help carry-over sports.

But Toad went on as best he could. He hand-selected a dozen secretaries and began writing letters and licking stamps. Letters to long forgotten alumni pleaded please come back and let us gently pick your pockets. But no other pleas were more fervent than those with the news media. "Please, fellas, give us small upstate conservative schools a chance," he wept.

Unfortunately the form letter replies from the *New York Times* were sent to Hamilton, N. Y., by mistake. However, a representative of the most important newsy picture mags was added to the board of trustees.

Ignoring the vacuum his wings were flapping in, Toad selected student flunkies, smooth jv p. r. men, to organize a little United Nations sideshow. The *New York Times* sent a representative and gratefully mentioned the performance in a filler on page 48 of Section 3. An essay contest was organized—"The Need for a Free Press for a Free World" in 75 words or less.

Like other faltering circus imprasarios, Toad took to TV. "Three million people watching our performing scholars press bars, contributions, fame, glory," announced Toad. But the Out House Five objected and Mac Hot Lips intervened. "Dirty purists," said Toad.

But onward forged Toad. The second big act of the circus was highlighted by weekend trips to many girls' schools and Pablum Students who participated at all, ate lunch.

The book ends rather sourly and abruptly, indicating that originally more chapters would have been written had the *New York Times* noticed Toad and his product. The book is essentially the tragic story of the p.r. man who was ignored.

Pigeon Coup!!! Chapel Bombed

Who Dung It? Pictured above are a few of the pigeons shuffling nonchalantly on the steps of the Chapel they'v just destroyed.

The celebrated third floor of the Chapel caved in suddenly last Sunday evening during services, burying a sellout crowd beneath thousands of tons of pigeon dung which seems to have been accumulating there for quite some time.

Such a scene of pandemonium we've never before seen in the Chapel.

"Our bubble of soporism suddenly burst!" exclaimed one student.

Associate Dean, Sordid Sid Snottimer recalls:

"There I was, peering over the balcony, searching for students reading books or goofing off, and not paying a bit of attention to the sermon, when suddenly above me I heard this tremendous rumbling, and the next thing I know, something hits me and knocks me over the balcony down into the main Chapel seats. I don't recall much except that I couldn't find my glasses in all those droppings. If there's one thing I do hate," he added, "It's being dumped on."

It is to be noted that he failed to come up with a joke appropriate to the occasion.

Said handsome HS, Rock Cool, shuffling in his SKs:

"Them pigeons ain't got no religion to go and do a thing like that!"

The devestation has been awful. Rescue workers have been working around the clock in attempts to dig people out of the debris. Said Chit Chat Bullmuch Saynothing, upon observing the sordid scene:

"Looks just like one of my seminars. All those people standing knee deep in . . ."

And, C. Laughyet Toad was heard to say upon his evacuation on Thursday:

"You'll never know what a load off my mind *this* is."

At last report, 467 of the 480 people present at the time of the disaster were recovered from the Chapel and removed to an emergency ward in the new auditorium in Middle.

Said one rescue worker late last night in the glare of rescue lanterns, as he smoked a grimy cigarette, his eyes deep and hollow from anguish and lack of sleep:

"We can still hear a noise comin' from where the pulpit oughtta be, but we still hain't been able to get thru. We got an oxygen line down, but I'll be damned if, the more we dig, the more that stuff seems to accumulate: wotta mess!"

Most of the pigeons have spent the entire week roosting in the trees about the Chapel, cooing contentedly, thereby lending an ironic air to the frantic efforts of rescue workers.

And C. Laughyet Toad was reported to have said after his partial recovery:

"Who ever thought something like this could ever have happened? Why it'll go down in history as a greater tragedy than the Chicago Fire, The San Francisco Earthquake, Hank Thompson's Home Run, The Sinking of the Titanic, and My Appointment to Hamilton. All the national magazines are covering it. What a boon to sesquicentennial."

Meanwhile, red flares still burn solemnly throughout the night, delineating the wreckage where 18 persons up to date have died. It is indeed a grim scene.

Winnie The Pooh Joins Mau Maus, Takes over Store

Mrs. Ethel Dibromide, manager of the Hamilton College store, announced today the arrival of a shipment of authentic Mau Mau knife, fork and spoon sets carved out of human jaw bones. Each piece is to be emblazoned with the Hamilton College seal. Mrs. Dibromide also announced that the text book section will be eliminated and the space devoted to showcases for mammoth stuffed Winnie the Pooh dolls. She added that textbooks henceforth may be ordered direct through the bookstore at their usual exorbitant prices.

She commented, "The college store has always been concerned with providing students with the nice necessities of college life. "

Indies Bowl, Harpies Lounge In Middle Misfit

Smilin Jack Letzelter today issued a progress report on the renovation of middle dorm, and stated that he hoped it would be completely facilitated for occupancy by spring vacation. He said, "Despite the college policy of turning the heat in all college dormitories down to 40° over vacations to encourage students to leave, we will do the same in this case, but at the same time encourage students to utilize the dorm over the break."

Asked about the style of construction, Jack said: "We have considered the wishes of the vast majority of the students for a cozy, homelike dormitory, and have decided to finish the interior of the dorm in the style we instituted a few years ago and found so popular. We call it Dunhamesque architecture, and refer to it colloquially as "pastel penitentiary."

Letzelter also disclosed the plans for the building. On the first floor are to be located faculty offices and the new nerve center for the campus-wide individual room listening service that Dean Sorid Sid Snottimer hopes to install over the summer. The basement will house a lounge for lady employees of the College since reports recently received revealed that the International Sisterhood of Harpies plans to strike the college unless they are provided with a lounge stocked with reading matter such as student love letters, Playboy Magazine, and Hot Rod.

A spokesman for the group, Hepzibah L. Sloppysnoop, commented today that "The ladies are sick and tired of being interrupted in their leisure reading in boys rooms by boys who want their rooms cleaned." It is anticipated that the new lounge will solve this problem and help to make Hamilton College a dirtier place than it ever has been before.

On the second and third floors of the new dormitory, rooms for students will be constructed. The style is as already mentioned, and when asked if the room design was original to the college, Smilin' Jack commented that he had personally copied the styling from the dwellings of a group of aescetic monks in the 14th century in southern Spain. Jackie commented that he liked this style because it tended to ease student tensions and frustrations during the long winter months.

Instead of the proposed lecture hall on the fourth floor, the college has decided to install four bowling alleys with automatic pinsetters. Asked why this change had been made, a spokesman for the administration said: "This dormitory is intended primarily for occupation by the independents on the Hill. Since the indeuendents don't have other social facilities, we have installed the bowling alleys so they can have a ball."

Vote of Confidence

A leading New York newspaper announced recently that Hamilton College had been adjudged the worst possible school for a mother to send her daughter to for a houseparty weekend. "The students there *drink*." said the columnist.

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SERIAL XV NUMBER 16B

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Contributors: H. Allen, H. Bricker, G. Brown, E. Deci, M. Evans, A. Howard, J. Hutchinson, F. McCullough, Playboy, L. Peat, 202 Carnegie.
Photos by Steinbach Sweatsocks and Bachrach of Kinohunst-Gesellschaft.
A family that attends motion poctures together stays together.
This humorous issues of the "Spectator" is published annually at Winter Carnival. The issue is intended in fun, and we hope that it is read in this spirit. The "Spectator" is an independent newspaper published 25 times in the academic year by the students of Hamilton College. Subscription price is $4.00 a year. Letters should be addressed to the "Spectator," Hamilton College, Clinton, New York. Editorial office: Root Hall Basement (BR5). Telephone: ULysses 3-2241. Editor-in-chief: William E. Nelson, '62. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Clinton, New York.

Just Any Old Story

by Earnestly Whichway

One day Gums Linotype, the editor of the newspaper, came to Steinbeck Sweatstock, one of the more literary guys in the house and said, "Sweaty, I got a proposition for ya."

After a few minutes Sweaty stopped playing his electric guitar, took off his hockey gloves, and looked up.

"Whuzzat?" said Sweaty as he ran his tongue over his chipped front teeth.

"Sweaty," said Gums, reorganizing, "you're a literary type guy. I mean, you've been the whole route, Spain, wineskins, guitars, dungarees, running the bulls at Pamplona and like that. Howja like to write a column for the newspaper? Humphrey Noise is too busy putting out fires at TKE to keep the campus roaring with laughter every week. Besides, MVTI won't send us their paper any more and he's running out of material."

Sweaty took off his Hobart jacket, cleared the pile of Ace bandages off a chair and sat down to think for a minute.

"I dunno," he mumbled, finally, as he pulled at the backs of his loafers. "Whaddya want me to write about?"

"Just the guys in the house, funny collegiate type stuff."

"I dunno," articulated Sweaty, "I'll think about it."

As Gums was leaving he leaned through the door and shouted back to Sweaty, who at this point had put on his spikes and was attempting to play the guitar with his feet. The guitar, incidentally, was strung with tendons taken out of Sweaty's knees.

"Say Sweaty," shouted Gums over the din of the guitar, "How come all the guys in this house have such funny-type names, like Greasy Hollow-Marble and Fred Lollypop?"

Sweaty just looked up from the guitar and shrugged.

"Ah these artists and their sensitivity," mused Gums, who is no mean appreciator of artists and sensitivity.

That night Sweaty thought about this column idea. First he considered writing about the guys in the house, but then he decided that no one would ever believe they had names like that. He considered writing about sports, but then he decided to save his energy on that subject for a witty article in praise of one of his teammates.

He really thought he had it when he considered writing down some of the stories he's heard that really struck him funny, like the one about the eskimo who tries to build an edible boat and drowns in it, proving that you can't have your kayak and eat it too, or the story about the Basques who stood in the doorway of a burning building and wouldn't let anyone out, proving that you should never put all your Basques in one exit, or the story about the Communist father who wanted his sons to join the yacht club so that they could have red sons in the sail set. But Sweaty gave this up too. He just couldn't think of anything to write about.

A few days later when Gums talked to Sweaty again, Sweaty said he had just no stories to contribute.

"But what am I gonna do to fill up all that empty space?" pleaded Gums.

"I dunno," said Sweaty. "Why don't you write long, boring articles about total opportunity. That's be something new."

"Say now," said Gums. "There's a swell-type idea!"

This is the place where there's usually a moral involving some hideous pun that makes everyone groan. I don't have one, but I would like to add that Sweaty finally became entranced with the idea of writing stories for the newspaper, and by handing in his first story he showed Gums that his refusal to write for the paper was just a lot of lies. Or you might say that Sweaty became story-eyed, and showed Gums that his refusal was just a lot of columny.

Faculty Analysis

—by
Chit-Chat Bullmuch Saynothing

Gee whiz, I mean war is a problem.

But first, guys, I think it is an absolutely essential necessity —and I hate to keep tossing out these punchlines—but we must always define our terms *vis a vis* their meanings. Needless to say, there are all sorts of pros and cons involved in this question of just what is war.

Now here, guys, we run into a problem. For the absolutely fantastic multiplicity of sources and circumstances surrounding this question lead us *sin qua non* into the often nebulous realm of irrelevancy. Of course, that last remark is something of a *non sequiter* itself, yet it seems to me, in my humble opinion, that I am absolutely right if we consider the variables which are definitely not germain to the issue. To push this point one step farther, one is tempted to say, really, that war is the absence of peace.

In order to more clearly and in an unqualified sense illustrate this idea, let us take the case of the East African province of Elohssanamai, for the examination of the concrete is the key to unlocking the puzzle of the basic fundamentals of international affairs.

This province is really a delightful place, no kidding, guys, it's just fabulous, to coin a phrase if you will. Unfortunately there has been something in terms of a minor disturbance there recently (snicker, snicker) as you all well know. The current difficulty that has arisen between Ezalbi tribe and the Elohsanamai has caused a rash of honest-to goodness barbaric activity.

White women have been raped, children mutilated beyond recognition, men tortured in the most hideous fashion, and nowhere does there seem to be even the slightest trace of any kind of human ethic. But, golly, guys, you just can't make a value judgment. I hate to keep harping on this point, but there are just too many variables involved to be sure of anything.

Of course, I really shouldn't be letting this kind of information out, but I have a friend in the African Office, jolly chap, by the name of Yobo Lialfiod, who passed along this little tidbit of top secret information.

He told me, on quite good authority, I might add, that the Ezalbi outfit had anticipated being forced into the cultural lag caused by recent demographic considerations and so their actions are more of a social belligerency rather than one of outright conflict.

So you see, even the fundamental premise of our whole system is not always true; war is not necessarily the absence of peace. Gee whiz, guys, no kidding. I mean it's really too bad we can't give you something more substantial to work on, but that's the way the old ship of state sails.

Student Synthesis

— by One Punch McCullough

Hamilton has tradition. Take, for example, each graduating class's custom of giving a boulder to the school as a gift. Surely you have seen these spheroids around the campus, admired their classic simplicity, pointed them out to visiting friends, tripped over them. Whenever I pass one of these moss-coated monuments to an era gone by (Pleistocene), I read their inscriptions with a pang of poignance. "83", "98" — How better could they have expressed it? And I ask myself, "Will '62 give as well?" Will our bowlder be enduring granite, or merely crumbly dolomite?

But as I was saying, next to the college graveyard, one of our more well entrenched institutions is the P-X. It is part of a proud Up-state New York Heritage, as timeless as the Oneonta Community Center. Founded in the Federalist period by an Indian exchange student named Tagore, the P-X has lived and grown; the Indians have surreptitiously vanished. Tradition has it that the Hamilton men of '86 called the little store where they purchased their rum, snuff, and tobacco after the affable Iroquois proprietor, in much the same manner as the protuberances extruding into the ground from the bottom of trees in our own Root glen, and holding them in place, have come to be known simply as "roots," and have indeed gained nationwide acclaim. So much depends on so little! Hence, the name P-X.

In days gone by, the greats of the college met at the P-X, as Fitzpatrick will insist, they still do today, to trade camaradie and bludgeons for pelts, Spanish moss, and popcorn. From little things does tradition sprout. Witness only the Clinton Rotary, the associate dean.

In the P-X, College President Sandston McCoon first introduced his bride, a beautiful Mongolian girl, somewhat his elder, to college society. She behaved badly, conceiving an inordinate lust for the Anthropology Department. The marriage was brief but stormy, and they parted company; she was not seen again. The P-X has had scenes of sadness, Igdrasil, but scenes of rare humor too. Alexander Woollcott, the great Hamilton writer, turned one brisk fall afternoon to Ezra Pound, the great Hamilton poet (who roomed, incidentally, in 203 North) and said with a sly wink in his left eye. "Do you call this coffee?" Whereupon he began laughing so hard he dropped his cup on the floor, shattering both. Samuel Hopkins Adams, later to become the more-or-less Hamilton author of *Tenderloin*, but then a freshman, turned to Woollcott and wittily remarked, slapping him on the back, "Alec, you never could hold your liquor!" From this sprang a lasting enmity. Bad words ensued, which all three carefully remembered and inserted in their books. The ones Pound recalled after publication he freely interspersed in his letters. One can easily trace the revenge motif. Of course, one might mention numerous other well-known Hamilton writers who have met in the P-X. Try.

The presentation of the mural to the P-X in 1956 was the occasion of festivity. The short-order cook was dissuaded from using it as a grease-splatter board, and art had at last come to the little Indian's store. Observe the mural closely. In the right upper corner — an angel throws up his hands in despair. He has just seen his exam schedule. From the third story window of North swings a hammock. In the hammock is a young lady, and thereby hangs a tale. The statue of Hamilton casts no shadow; Elihu's falls heavy on the campus community. (I have suggested reasons.) The goat is the Sig goat — ask Rusty McKay. There is an abundance of innuendo in the mural — beer cans, T-V aerials, unknown figures — but why are the hands of the clock resting at twelve; or is it quarter past three?

Gone now are the rusted cauldrons in which the young Iroquois Tagore brewed his savory potion, replaced now by stainless steel, modern appliances, and, perhaps, sanitation. But the flavor lingers on. Gone are the days when college rakes would burst in from the cold, dirk or poinard in hand, portcullis clutched in teeth, and saunter up to the formica counter, pressing rapier point to the throat of the giggling Tapirapé, demanding, "Brandy for the house — P.-X." To which the lugubrious Parsee would mutter in reply, "Social pro for you, Mabbitt, and no letters, goddam."

Still, the spirit of men meeting as equals in momentary three hour breaks from Baconian studies, experimental psychology, or simply from shovelling the snow off the Root steps, is warm and democratic. At what other college can the President rub greasy elbows with the yard men, in that happy, vigorous press at the counter? Where else can the faculty bore the students, the students eagerly bore the faculty, faculty annoy faculty, while everyone squints sullenly at camouflage green walls, and dirty curtans, and only the sighing campus dogs eyeing a professorial Cheeseburger, or a DKE doughnut, reflect our Hamilton ideal of curiosity?

"What's in Store for Me?"

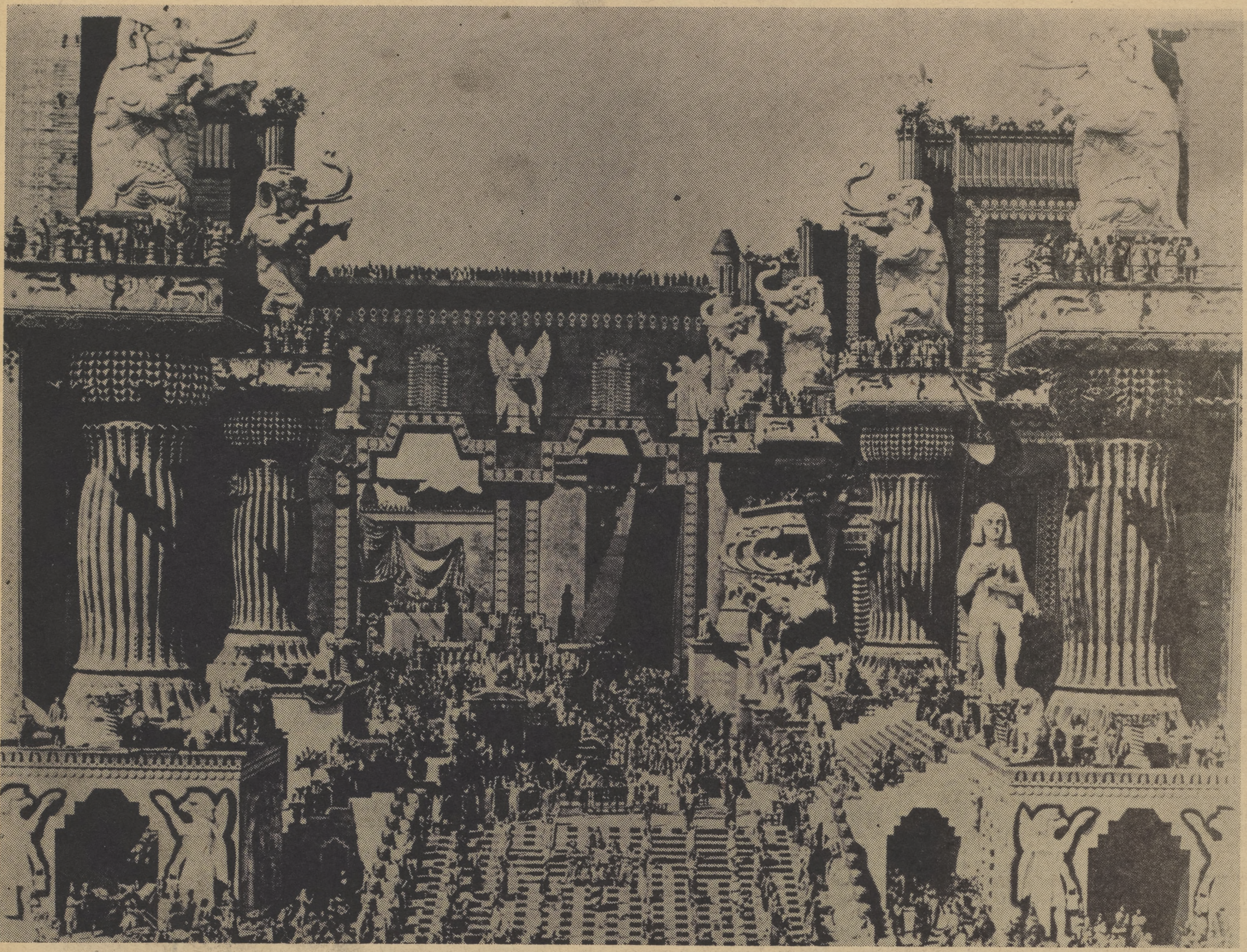
. . . moans Ethel Dibromide, sometime proprietress of the College Store, after cutting her wrist. "I've had it! Everyone makes fun of me all the time. There's no fun in making money if nobody appreciates you." At her side, wooden-faced Gary Muscleman waits patiently for her to die before taking over the store. They're may be some question as to whether this was suicide or murder, however, as she was heard to moan, just as this photograph was being taken: "Somebody up there is undercutting me!"

A Lotta Bull—

A formal portrait of marine ace pilot, navigator, ensign, eggbeater, chop chop, and hollycoddler, Bullet Bob Riordan, present of the USMC ret. —Just ask him.

Grin 'n Bear It—

"We may not be rich, but we're happy," say the new Sig pledges, pictured above in front of their recently renovated house. Although not a large pledge class, it is easy to see that a more select group has never before hit the campus.

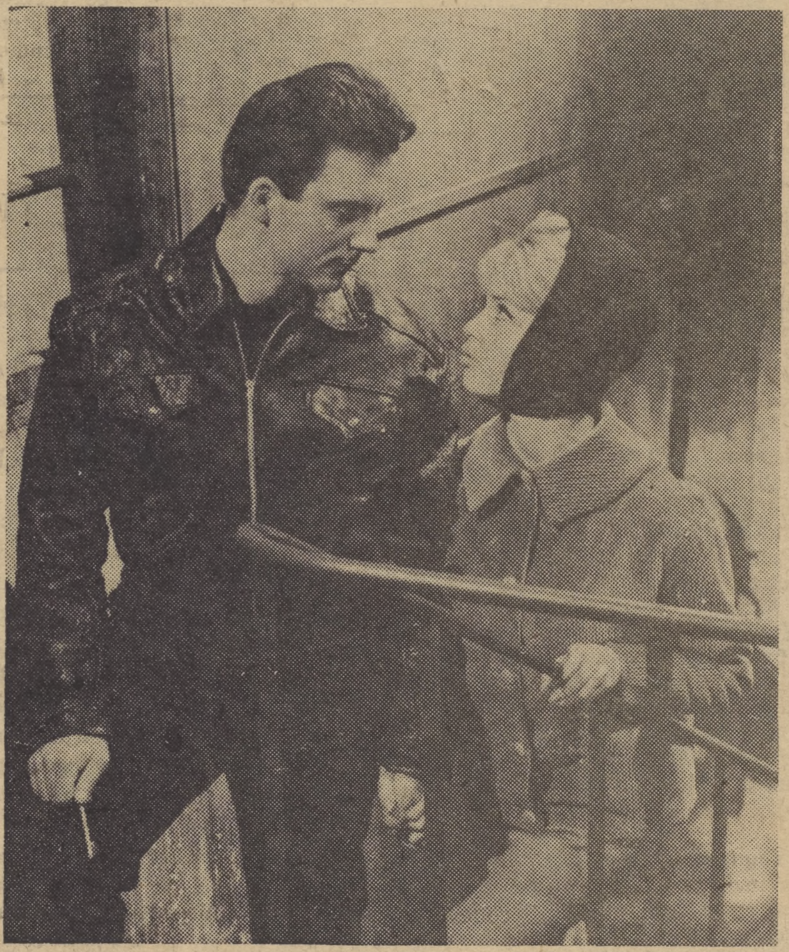


Who's Bored?

Shown above is most of thes tudent body stampeding out of the Chapel last Convocation during Pablum Folsom's speech. "How the Hell You gonna have a good Convocation with speeches like that?" said Rock Cool, shuffling in his SK's. Toad was nowhere to be found after the event.

"Who's Crossing Me Up?"

. . . shouts North Dorm's Catholic janitor, Went Way, last Friday noon, after finding a pork chop in his lunch pail instead of the usual fried flounder. He was reported as having said: "It's just the sort of thing Mabbett would do!"



Peeking at Pete—

Shown wending their way to the upper floors of South Carnegie at 3 a.m. last Saturday are Pete Lusky and his date, a freshman from Cortland. Our roving, twisting photographer, Jon Vick, stopped momentarily to take this picture.

Rushing Season Over, Associate Dean Jokes

Rushing is all over and everyone is estatically happy with the house they went to, and the class they got. Associate Dean Sordid Sid Snottimer announced once more, after a joke appropriate to the occasion, "We were very pleased to see the turnout for the cattle run this year. Just about everyone made it to the other side of the river, and 100% opportunity has once again been recognized," (for what it really is).

Here's a quick rundown of one of the shorter wars on record:

The Sig house, with a quota of one, still fell short, but Simon Tuxedo, president of Sig isn't at all worried.

"We still have a few moves yet," he said. "We have a few irons in the fire and we may trade Spector and Hayden for three or four Dekes plus $15,000, although, Lord knows, who needs the $15,000?"

The Alpha Delt house reports that they did pretty well, so well in fact, that they put several of the boys up on waivers. It is reported that Sam Tolerant, president of ELS, is looking these boys over and may make a grab for them if the Price is right.

Said Never Steal, head-waiter at the ADP house:

"These guys are up on waivers, not because we don't like 'em, mind you, 'cause they're all good guys and really great fellows, but I'm just afraid they might not work in the house, and I just don't want to make anyone unhappy."

Fellows, with big-hearted people like this in our America, how can a democracy possibly fail?

We've had a lot of trouble getting much out of the Theta Delt house. Seem as if 18 freshmen disappeared into the house on the very first night of rushing and have not reappeared since. Said TDX rushing chairman, Phil Weird, and new president, Banana Plant:

"We got those guys hog-tied and starving down in the boiler room, and not a one of them gets out until they take the oath!"

Things looked pretty good down at the DKE house as the dust of rushing began to settle.

"We have enough raw meat and peanuts to last for a while," said President Danny Animal, "And, although we do have a few boys who look like thinkers, we're trying to work a trade out with Alpha Delt for Harvey Sewing-machine and Freshwater Leech. If we pull this deal off, rushing will have been a success and we'll really have something to Sing about."

Latest word from ELS has it that they are building a second house to house all their pledges.

In the end, it was agreed that a good time was had by all. As Harry Nettleravit, President of the FLU house said:

"I like rushing — specially the end. You just don't know how much fun being a hypocrite and buying and selling people is until you've tried it."

Pinkey Rakewell Arouses Rabble, Rips Rightists

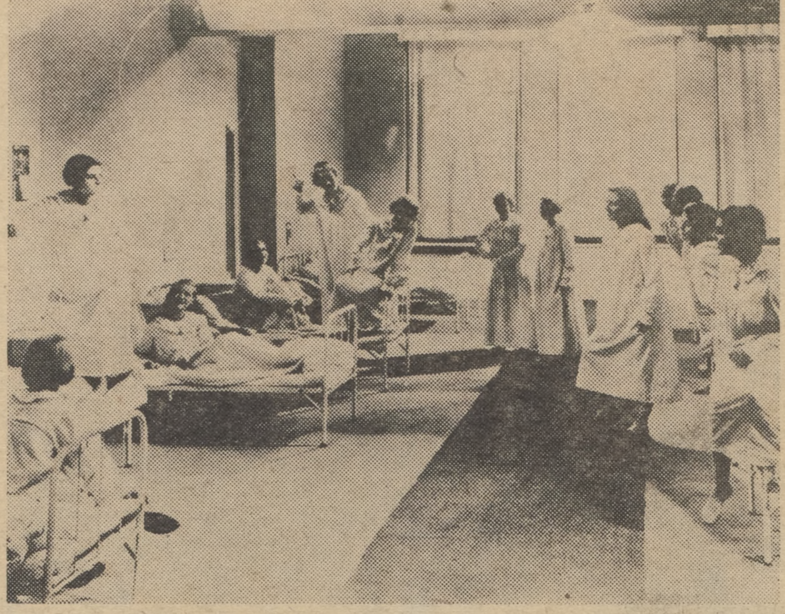
The Young Liberals Club of Hamilton College announces that it will sponsor a **National Review** burning, and a Joseph Welch hiss rally tonight at nine on the main quad. Punch and cookies will be served.

The club also announces that it will sponsor an exhibition called "Protest Signs Through the Years," to be held at the Root Art Center. The signs, drawn largely from the personal collection of Bob (ban the bomb and think of the starving millions in Asia) Rakewell, will include signs carried by picketers in Rome, mecarried by picketers in Rome, medieval England, colonial America, and modern America and England.

The collection includes such historic relics as, "Catapultas Protestatum," "Banne Ye Crossebowe," "Muste Wee Be Hoist bye Oure Own Petard?" "Suffrage or Death," "Save Sacco and Vanzetti," "Bann the Musket," "Ban the Machinegun," "Ban Tanks," "Ban the Aeroplane," and of course, "Ban the A-Bomb," and "Ban the H-Bomb."

The club will also exhibit one of its many privately printed copies of "Ban the Neutron Bomb." The Young Liberals, who have come under a great deal of fire for their supposed self-seriousness, hope to dispel this supposition by the exhibition of a sign that is the product of a collaboration of Linue Pauling and Bertrand Russell. It reads, "Ban Combs and Haircuts."

The Young Liberals, no slouches at sign making themselves, have also hung several efforts made by several members during their childhoods. The childish scrawls of "Ban Spankings," "How Long Must We Suffer Peashooters," "Slingshots Must Go!!!" "Ban Rubber Bands and Paper Clips," and "Ban Big Kids," are highly amusing and give valuable insight into the Liberal mind.



Better Tau the Line !

DKE isn't kidding around this weekend, girls. The man with the whip is just out of the picture.

VonBramer Lunch Replaces Snottimer Sandwichmakers Control the Campus

Henry Luce, chairman of the trustees committee on appointments, revealed that Clarence Young, formerly of Saga Foods, Inc., will be the next president of Hamilton College. He will succeed present president Mac Hot Lips who has accepted a position as copyright attorney with Amherst College. Mr. Young could not be reached for comment, but usually reliable sources report that his first official act upon assuming office as president will be to end Saga's contract on the campus.

The trustees announced late last week that Mr. and Mrs. Young's educational picture is to be brightened as soon as possible by the presentation of honorary degrees from the college. It will be recalled that Senator Barry Goldwater received such a degree at commencement last June.

Mr. C. Laughyet Toad, of Madison Avenue, oft mentioned possibility to succeed McEwen as president, was contacted after the Youngs' appointment. Toad commented: "We'll put it on the 5:23 and see if it gets off at Westport.

Asked if the appointment changes his plans for the future, Toad commented, "No, there is far more status in being a departmental chairman in a small, reactionary liberal arts college than there is in being just another pebble on the beach, in the Mad Ave Ad Clan."

A trustee said: "For 150 years, Hamilton has been a small reactionary liberal arts college. It is time for a change."

"We hired Mr. Young on the grounds that he would be most competent in setting up an Industrial Arts and Agriculture program on the Hill. This type of program is needed at Hamilton, because we are turning out educated bums that will end up as migrant workers or gas station attendants anyway. We had better meet the problem and give them vocational training."

Smiling Jack Letzelter, head of the Buildings and Grounds crew, said, "Unquestionably, Clarence is the succinct choicec for the responsibility of the position. Both him and I came up from the ubiguitous amorphous lower classes.

"Everyone will recollect that he always wore a white shirt at his labors. So do I. Perhaps I shall be named administrative assistant. It is well-merited praise to gentlemen of our persuasion to be called to higher and greater things. My felicitous congratulations to him.

The new president will recall ex-student Glenn VonBramer to be Associate Dean. Young said: "That boy makes better sandwiches than my wife can."

Hither and Yon

by Bruce Humhprey Noise

Well — chuckle — I see here in the Amherst Register that they've quoted the Samford Observer in this quaint little bit about womenhood, and since it is slightly risquée, and I'm in pretty good with the editors — in fact, I am one of the editors — I guess I'll quote it.

As a matter of fact, though, a noted faculty member read the same thing and said something which might be ever more interesting and relevant than the quote in hand so I'll quote him quoting the quote which quoted the previous quoted quote.

Although, from the Colgate Maroon there's an interesting bit about fraternities which might prove to be more interesting than what I'd planned to quote, although after perusing it again I can see that it's not humorous enough for the high quality of intellectual orgasms which take place in my column.

Well — ho, ho — here I am half way through my column and it's houseparty time and I still haven't even made any jokes about houseparty, and the reason for this is that unfortunately, this week, of all weeks, is the week that not a single college sent me their college newspaper, or college humor magazine, and nobody did anything funny for me to plagiarize, so consequently, I can't seem to think of anything to write about, plus the fact, that to make matters even worse, the quotation key on my typewriter has busted from overwork, and what I'm trying to say is that I really don't have anything to say.

Hey, do you realize that I've written all this all by myself? I mean, just little old me and all by myself? Would you believe it?

Dean's Chat

Associate Dean Sordid Sid Snottimer announced during his Tuesday altar-side chat that the controversial phrase "conduct unbecoming a gentleman" will be interpreted to include any conduct involving the wrapping of dead severed heads in newspapers from the upper New York State area.

Bessie Bites Blyth; Bored BystandersBabble

It is with deep regret that we must announce that a teaching machine, affectionately known as "Bessie," turned on its inventor, Dr. John W. Blyth, and devoured him whole, except for his hat and a few strands of white hair, last Monday. Innocent bystanders who witnessed this terrible event, though failing to help the noted Doctor, were able to give this reporter vivid accounts of the desecrating event.

"It jus' up an' et 'im," said Rock Cool, shuffling vainly in his SK's. "Digested 'im the same way it does knowledge, I guess."

"Damn fine show!" said organist John Baldwin, who plans to compose an organ piece entitled "Hail to Thee, Blyth Spirit."

Professor Merely Morey, who was creeping darkly by at the time and paused to watch, simply out of curiosity, said, "I didn't know that that sort of machine had mandibles. I'll be damned!"

Associate Dean, Sordid Sid Snottimer, arrived too late on the scene, and became very furious when he found that he had been summoned to something other than a fire. (We really work that one over, don't we Sid? Sorry, but in a few years they'll all forget Buffalo and 1934.) After a bit of calming down, he came up with a joke appropriate to the occasion.

The Ford Foundation is reportedly suing the college for $400,000. Let 'em try and get it!

Master Handlers Make Mox, Gene Taste Big Birdie

Last Wednesday, Bill Crawl and Rose Thatched teamed together to take the college badminton doubles championship away from Long Gene and Big Hearted Mox in a series of matches that were dubbed "No Contest" by the handful of disinterested spectators who saw the matches.

"I knew Long Gene was bad," one boy said, "But I sure didn't know that he was that bad! Some body ought to have pity on him and give him some lessons."

On the Q.T., it's been reported that Mr. Gene is rapidly going in debt and has turned to butts and booze to cure his blues.

"I've spent over $2,600 paying off my milkshake debts," he said. "I think positive and it doesn't work. I tape asprins to my arms, legs, thighs, chest, and ears, and it doesn't work. I psych the opponent and it doesn't work. I'm at my wit's end!"

When asked whether his new wooden leg bothered him, Long Gene said: "No, it couldn't be that. It's all in the mind, I tell you. It's all in the mind."

On the other hand, Crawl and Thatched looked to be in superb form and condition, and their respective games showed it, as they dropped only six points in a ten game series.

"You don't go to Hamilton for four years and not learn how to do *Something* athletic," Crawl said.

TEAM SHOOTS

The underdog Hillster hoopsters will seek to extend their winning streak to one tonight when they play host to Ohio State at the local gymnasium this evening. The game will be prefaced by a hog calling contest between Hathaway Mabbett and Al Kiel.

The Rancher, voted Coach of the Year by the Great Plains Gentlemen's Association, is expected to stick with his stalwart five with one exception. (Those who are unfamiliar with the Rancher are referred to Hamilton's foremost sports authority, Les Peat). That exception is Little All-American candidate Pistol Pete Parry who has been placed on academic Probation. The Rancher has high hopes that freshman Gary Muscleman will be able to fill Pete's shoes.

The "G" boys, Gottcha and Gasser, are expected to string along the Buckeyes, while Muscleman should supply the strength under the boards. Always a quick shooter and fine boardman, Seamless Sean has provided controlling influences up front. The Rancher has reportedly introduced a new twist to his usually potent offense. the weave. One of the more famous coaches in the country is expected to bring suit against the College for stealing one of his trademarks if this is true. (It is rumored that Les Peat who was hung in effigy by apathetic Hamiltonites last night may be instigating the proceedings.)

As usual the Continental cheering section will be led by Mr. Buff (formerly known as Jamie) and Mrs. Blue (formerly known as Jill).

Aquamen Win All Meets; Mox To Sink Coach

SWIM COACH'S JOB IN JEOPRODY

Big-hearted Mox Weber, head of the Hill athletic department, announced today that Bob Beaudry would be dismissed at the end of the current season. Beaudry was, according to Weber, warned last year that an institute such as Hamilton cannot afford many 8-1-0 records in varsity sports. The swimming team has compiled a perfect 9-0 record this year despite the efforts of freestyler Gottlieb and liberal use of substitutions.

Weber was quick to note that basketball coach Ken Patrick, who also received a warning after a 11-3 season last year, has come through superbly, losing 6 of the first 12 contests this year. The up coming encounter with Smith, which should be the climax of the season, will determine the success of Patrick's new approach. Last year the Smithies downed the Hillmen 73-0. Patrick's only comment concerning this year's engagement was, "I hope the positions aren't reversed."

In other varsity sports, the Hillmen are holding their own. The hockey team, under coach Gerg Blatt, had an unblemished 0-13 record, and accordingly draws the most enthusiastic crowds. Pat MacDonald, the only Canadian on the team, has not yet equalled his performance at Ithaca last year. Freshmen on the team, being accustomed to Hamilton policy, performed poorly in early games but now show promise. The football teams managed to keep most games close, and lost to Wesleyan by executing the most spectacular game of the season. In the season's final against Union, however, Hamilton lineman Hugh Carson got in front of a punt and ruined his team's chances for losing the game.

The spring teams should repeat last year's fair seasons and as department head Weber summed it up, "Although this may sound queer, the reputation of the Buff and Blue has been helped more by the fine manner in which the boys handled themselves than by any other factor."

DOWN CLARKSON, ST. LAWRENCE —

Icemen Win Nineteen Straight

The hockey team extended its win streak to nineteen games last weekend, defeating Clarkson and St. Lawrence in consecutive routs up there in the North Country.

On Friday night they trimmed the Saints, 13-1, in a game marred by poor defensive work on the blues part, since six Larrie skaters were allowed to cross the viistor's blue line.

"I dunno whaht happened on thaht one thaht went in," Goalie Ted Marks said. "I was talking to the goal judge, when one of theah boys iced it and . . . that was it! It mahkes me mahd because it was the only shot they hahd all night."

Sophomore sensation, Howdy Kinne, netted nine goals, although senior winger, Jim Price, said Kinne only got eight goals. As it turned out, this time the Price wasn't right. Ex-goaltender turned lineman, J. B. Southerly accounted for the other Continenal goals.

"When ya gotta mask ya can do anythin'!" he snarled.

The Big Boomer failed to twinkle the threads.

The next night was a must game for the Continentals, Clarkson reportedly being the pucksters toughest opposition of the season. The contest was never in doubt after the first four minutes, the concentrated Blue attack proving too much for the Clarksonians, and the final score was 9-0. Kinne once again accounted for all the points, and he is now 74 goals ahead of Phil Latreille's record, with six games still to play.

Senior winger John Nichols has now been officially dropped from the team roster, since he has failed to score a goal this season.

When asked about the team's chances for an NCAA bid, Coach Gerg Blatt was not overly optimistic.

"They've offered to pay our expenses if we go," Greg said, "But right now the department still feels we can't afford it!"

And, when asked about the team spirit, Coach Blatt said:

"I don't like it. We're due for a fall. Teddy Mahks complains that he's not getting any practice out there, and wants to transfer somewhere else where things aren't so dull and one-sided. And I don't like the attitude of the boys either. They're getting too cocky. Perhaps we need to lose a game just to knock them down a peg. It's been so long since we've lost a game, the boys don't know what it's all like anymore."

This afternoon, at 3:30, in the Sage Rink, the Continental Team will be host to Michigan Tech. Be there to see our real champions in action.

Team to Wrestle In Deke Cellar

Mox Weber, of the athletic department, announced today that the first team to be placed on the new wrestling team's schedule had agreed to a series of meets on a home-and-away basis. The team is that of Smith College, and the first match of the series will take place this weekend in the DKE cellar.

Peyser Replaces The Missing Link In Psych. Dept.

Dr. Charles A. Godcharles announced today the appointment of Mr. Charles Peyser as Associate Professor of Psychology to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Dr. Robert W. Lundin.

Witnesses reported that upon handing in his resignation, Lundin ran out of the office screaming, "I can't take it. Someone's been following me for two years."

As an assistant instructor in the department, Mr. Peyser pioneered in research on the care and feeding of rats. When asked to comment on Lundin's resignation, Peyser said, "Purely an avoidance response.".

In anticipation of a heavier schedule, Mr. Peyser has announced that he will extend his office hours to accommodate the increased load of student appointments.

BULLETIN: (Special to the "Spectator") — The fourth floor new auditorium of Middle dorm collapsed today, hurtling eighty-eight victims of the recent pigeon coup to their deaths below. C. Laughyet Toad is going nuts over all the publicity.

Mox to Purdue!! To Clean Big Ten

Big-Hearted Mox. A. Weber has been appointed Director of Athletics at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana. A reliable source in the Purdue administration reported that Weber will have three goals: the institution of hockey, the de-emphasis of tennis, and a general clean-up of the deplorable athletic scholarship policy.

Weber does not plan to depart significantly from his present policies except as necessary to adapt them to fit the Purdue situation. One modification will be only temporary; compulsory badminton classes will be deferred pending the completion of three spacious fieldhouses built solely to house badminton courts. The erection of the fieldhouses was one of the stipulations of Weber's contract.

Purdue President O. Griswold Stillwell announced that the University planned to open a Toronto extension with a restricted curriculum for promising hockey players. Weber was expected to take his efficient Canadian scouting staff with him, much to the dismay of Hamilton hockey fans.

Weber feels that tennis at Purdue has received undue emphasis over the past few years, the school having produced no less than twelve Davis Cup candidates in the past decade. He feels that the solution is to be found in scheduling matches against lesser-known institutions such as Hartwick, Harpur, and Oneonta, thus discouraging top flight players from matriculating at Purdue.

When asked whether Purdue athletes would be compelled to travel with the team both to and from games, Weber was quick to reply, "They'll come back on the bus." He quickly added that this did not preclude their returning on the plane until he could schedule all contests within driving distance in order to divert funds now used for travel to the build up of an extensive program of carry-over sport instruction and intramurals.

Apparently the tripling of his present salary was not important. Weber summed up his reasons for leaving Hamilton as follows, "Somebody's got to clean up the Big Ten, and I feel I can do the job." Weber stressed the fact that he is against the grant of any funds in excess of tuition, room, board, laundry, books, fraternity fees, and twenty-five dollars a week in spending money. "No more white convertibles," said Weber, making it clear that he plans to stick by his Hamilton policy.

Toad To Let Bee Queen Bequeath Crown

—*by* Studs Hardstones

The President of the College announced recently that Professor C. Laughyet Toad and Mr. Dr. Thomas E. Kwalby will act as co-chairmen of the planning committee for the third Sesquicentennial Convocation. The Convocation, scheduled for early spring, will feature an intercollegiate spelling bee.

An interview with the co-chairmen revealed that the student contestants will include men and women from about sixty-nine small, exclusive, liberal arts colleges from as far away as New Hartford. The words to be spelled will be administered by the Stamps and Coins Editor of the *New York Times*, who will act as quizmaster. After a number of grueling rounds, the spelling champion will be crowned by Miss Hester P. Buchstaben of Utica, the Bee Queen.

Toad made it plain that the words given to the contestants would not be the old spelling bee standbys such as *diarrhoea*, *queue*, or *horrisonous*. Rather they will be technical words chosen from the whole range of vocational fields: public relations, journalism, public relations, advertising, public relations, communications, and, of course, public relations.

In the afternoon the formal activities will end with the Convocaction proper held in the Chapel. Hair Professor Mr. Dr. Kwalby has announced that at that time the President will confer an honorary degree of Doctor of Letters upon e. e. lummings, who will give the main address of the occasion. He will speal on the subject: The Role of Orthodox Orthography in a Liberal Arts Education.

Elaborate press coverage of the epic event is planned by the co-chairmen. Gentlemen of the press will be rushed up from New York City on a special craft and will be met at the Utica port of the New York State Barge Canal by a Jeep cavalcade which will deliver them to College Hill.

Hamilton's own hopes for the day will be resting on its own team of four men, nominated and chosen by freshman public speaking classes. The team is fortunate to be led and coached by Professor John Crosshairs of the Department of Spelling. Interviewed recently at a training session of his team in the pysch lab, Crosshairs stated: "I know we're up against a tough one, but I'm quite confident that under my capable leadership Hamilton can field a winning team."

THE SPECTATOR
HAMILTON COLLEGE

Ice Team Goes Batty, Wins 19

——See Story page 7

Free Phi; Ho Hum—

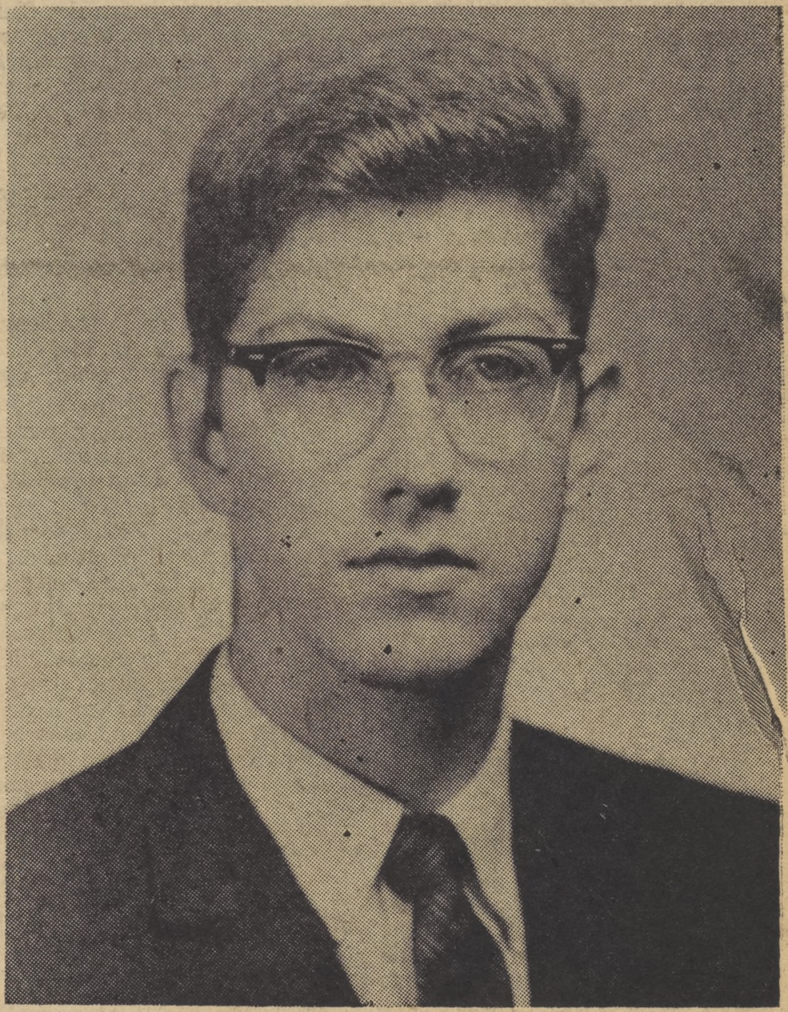
Alpha Delt goes down Hill. "When you've lost as many fraternity games as we have," said candid houseboy, Never Steal, "there's no place to go but down."

Mess! Mess!

Why doesn't Ethel get organized?

Al Calls—

Sordid Sid Snottimer searches Al Wipple for booze in a rush shot taken this afternoon. Snottimer failed to come up with any evidence as is evinced by Al's protruding g(r)in. Said Al, after Snottimer had let him go, "I shoulda kicked his teeth in. Hell, what have I got to booze?"



☭ Studs Hardstones ☭